

# GENE AUTRY

"Trail  
of  
Terror"

10¢  
PER  
COPY  
TRADE  
PUBLICATIONS  
INC.



# GENE AUTRY and THE TRAIL OF TERROR

THE FIRST MURDER SPREADER IN  
BEING LOADED FOR THE TRIP FROM  
CANYON CITY TO BURLINGAME.



IN THE OFFICE OF UNITED STATES MARSHAL  
BILL STEVENS



"It's Autry! And he's got  
to help us out, huh?"

"I'M RIGHT PROUD TO BE YOUR DEPUTY, MARSHAL!  
I SURE WOULD LOVE TO GET  
MY HANDS ON THAT  
MURDERER, THERE!"



"COULD HE  
JUST NOT STRIKE  
THIS TRIP? OUT,  
I'D A MIND HE WILL,  
ON ACCOUNT OF  
THE GOLD  
MURDER!"



"RIGHT HE IS, GENE? HE'S LEFT A TRAIL OF  
TERROR THROUGH THESE STATES? AFTER HE  
KIDNAPED THE DAUGHTER OF A DISTRICT JUDGE,  
THEY TRACKED HIM DOWN  
AND KILL'D HIM? ... AND THEN  
LOST HIM?"



**"10,000"**  
REWARD For the capture of the man who  
killed the daughter of a District Judge.  
He is a black man, about 30 years old,  
5 feet 10 inches tall, dark hair, blue eyes,  
and a mustache. He is a very dangerous  
man and a very smart one.



HE'S A  
BLACK MAN,  
ABOUT 30  
YEARS OLD,  
5 FEET 10  
INCHES TALL.



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"I'LL DO MY BEST  
TO HELP WITH  
THE SLIPPERY  
COUNTRY, MARSHAL!"

"GOOD LUCK, GENE!  
REMEMBER...  
WE ALWAYS  
WALK TOGETHER!"



"NOW AHEAD, FASTER!  
WE'RE ALL SET TO  
GO!"

















"THE OLD BARN LOOKS  
LIKE IT'S BEEN  
DESERTED FOR  
YEARS!"



"HOWDY!  
ANYBODY  
HERE?"

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**



"ANYBODY HOME? BUT SOMEBODY MUSTA  
BEEN HERE RECENTLY!"



"HMM? COFFEE AND  
PANES? SURE SMOEL  
GOOD!"



"LEFT 'EM UP, STRANGERS!!  
WELL YOU KNOW  
HOW?"



"DON'T GET BLEED UP  
OLD TIMER! NOBODY  
WAS HOME AND THE  
DOOR WAS PART-  
WAY OPEN, SO  
I WALKED  
IN!"

"WHO ARE YOU?  
AN' WHAT'S  
YOUR BUSINESS  
IN THERE  
HERE ALLE?"



"MY NAME'S ALVIN! I'M  
FELLA' THE BLACK HAWK!  
HE CROSSED THE STAGE  
TO SUBTOWN  
RECENTLY AND KILLED  
TWO MEN!"

"SO TELL  
ED THE  
HAWK'S ON  
THE  
MOUNTAIN  
ARM, IS  
HE?"



"GET DOWN NOW, AN'  
HANG SOME ATTLES!  
I GOT SENSATIONS HERE, BUT  
I'M ALLUS LEBBY ON  
STRANGERS!"



"BORN 'ROUND' O' 'ROUND' THE  
HANGAR, 'REALLY'! LOTS TO  
GET A LOOK AT THAT MORNING!"

"YEAH?"

"WE'LL GET HIM  
TOLD TIME!"

"STAY 'IN UP, BLACK MAN!"  
SO THIS IS YOUR FRIEND? HE IS?  
WHERE'S YOUR SCHOOL  
DOG?"

"YOUR ONE-BORN 'ROUND' THE BLACK  
MAN, 'HAPPY' POP? SEE THE BIRD HERE  
ON HIS WING? LAST TIME I SAW HIM  
HE WAS FLYING AS A BIRD... WITH  
A BLACK BIRD!"

"GET MY LEGS OFF MY  
KNEES, POP? WE'LL  
BE WITH HIM TALK HIM  
TO TOWN PRONTO!"

"MAKE IT SHARP, OLD  
DADDY. GIVE US A  
GET HIM TO JAIL  
BEFORE DARK!"

"THAT'S RIGHT  
HIM?"

"GIVE HIM  
HIM?"









The highway's been strangled  
along and disappeared  
through the long dry.



It's been  
about half...



But sure never orders  
all right? He can  
have alone, and there  
might been a little  
son, around all  
day!



The highway's been  
strangled and  
disappeared as  
easily as  
he came.

In the  
midnight...

Quiet, boy? He may have  
a long way? So what  
have I understand?



I've got a feeling that  
that old man is  
covering something!



After four hours  
of waiting and  
watching ...

Someone's  
coming!





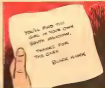


COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP...  
OR I'M COMING DOWN AFTER YOU!









**GREAT  
THIS LATE!!**

"ROUND UP ALL THE BOYS!  
WE'LL COME THE COUNTRY  
TILL WE FIND  
HIM!"

"LOOK! HERE COMES  
BETTY! AND HE'S GOT  
SOMEONE WITH  
HIM!"



"HERE'S YOUR MAN, MARSHAL!  
MY BUNCH WAS RIGHT! THAT  
OLD SNAGG WAS HIS NAME  
HIDEOUT!"



"GOOD  
WORK,  
GENE!"

"BURNER  
FOR  
BURNER!"

"YOU CAN  
CALL OFF THE  
BOYS, BOYS!  
WE GOT  
OUR MAN!"



"WHAT ABOUT  
THE GIRL?"

"SHE'S  
SAFE! THEY  
FOUND HER  
TWO MILES  
AWAY!"



"WE'LL PUT THE YAKKITY IN THE JAIL!  
MARSHAL, CATCH HIM UP SO  
HE CAN TALK!"



"YOU'VE DONE A FINE  
JOB, GENE! I'M  
Proud OF  
YOU!"

"THERE'S  
STILL A LOT  
ABOUT  
BURNER  
OUT!"



"YOU'VE GOT THE NAME!  
THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!  
WHEN HE  
COMES TO AND TALKS, WE'LL HAVE  
HIM TELL EVERYTHING!"



THE BOYS WERE ALL FOR HARRY!  
A BIG COWBOY PARTY! BUT I  
PREFERRED TO GO TO BUFFALO FOR  
A CELEBRATION TONIGHT, INSTEAD!



GOOD!

GETTING PUT OFF THE CELEBRATION  
TODAY AFTER THE  
HANK TALK!

NORMAN'S DOWN!  
THE DODD BROTHERS  
CAN'T TALK FOR A COUPLE  
DAYS! THE BOYS WON'T  
WAIT THAT  
LONG!



ALFRED, ARE  
YOU?

WE GOT  
THE  
DRINK!

TELL US HOW  
YOU DID IT,  
ALFRED!

SHUT UP! THE  
MARRIAGE WANTS TO SAY  
SOMETHING! THEN  
ALFRED'LL  
TALK!

WE ALL GIVE A DUST OF RESPECT TO  
GODDARD! HE HAS PUT A STOP TO  
THE LATEST TALK OF TERROR!  
SAY A FEW WORDS,  
GODDARD!



I - - -  
DON'T FEEL  
RIGHT ABOUT  
THIS... I...

I - - - WAIT  
A MINUTE!!



GO ON,  
ALFRED!

DON'T BE  
SHAMEFUL!



I GOTTA GO!  
GODDARD! GIVE HIM, MARRIAGE!

WAIT!!





THESE HE IS NOW!  
AND HE'LL GET THE ARROW  
WITH HIM, ALL RIGHT!  
BASTARD, CHAMP!  
WASTED IT!

YOU'LL  
STOP  
YOU!

YOU'RE OUTA THE WAY FOR  
A LITTLE WHILE,  
ANYWAY,  
OLD THER!

AND I'LL GET YOU  
SOON, TOO,  
FELLA!

BOY AM I!

STEADY, BOY!  
STEADY!

